

## FROM FIELD AND STUDY

**Death Adder at Jarrahdale.**—The highlight of the W.A. Naturalists' Club excursion to Jarrahdale on June 8, 1952 was an encounter with an 18 in. death adder (*Acanthophis antarcticus*) which had been tempted from cover by the winter sunshine.

At first glance it looked remarkably like the familiar bobtail (*Trachysaurus rugosus*), with its broad horizontal stripes of brown and rust red, and the wide bloated body. Of course the lightning movements of the head on the slender neck soon revised the impression, as did the terrifying mouthful of fangs.

After death the appearance of the snake altered considerably. The body became flaccid and somewhat smaller, and the retraction of the teeth left the mouth looking almost innocuous. In fact the junior members who inspected the enemy after death were not nearly so impressed as those who took part in his despatch.

—(Mrs.) J. LYON, Mosman Park.

**Black Honeyeaters (*Myzomela nigra*) at Wooroloo.**—While proceeding along White Gum Gully, near Wooroloo, on February 10, 1952, we encountered honeyeaters unfamiliar to either of us. We watched these birds for 20 minutes with Zeiss 6 x 25 binoculars from distances down to 15 yards, obtaining a rather complete and detailed description of the birds. This evidence leaves no reasonable doubt but that the birds were Black Honeyeaters.

Two cocks and at least one hen were present. These were making short flights from a blossoming Blackbutt (*Eucalyptus patens*) and were possibly capturing insects. They did not probe the flowers while we were watching. The birds remained in a very circumscribed area, i.e. a portion of the crown of the one tree.

The area in which the birds were located is part-cleared Jarrah, Marri and Wandoo country.

This record extends the known range of the species as indicated by *The Birds of W.A.*, Serventy and Whittell, westward and into the jarrah belt.

—ERIC H. and L. E. SEDGWICK, Wooroloo.

**Expediency of a Thirsty Cat.**—The means by which a thirsty cat succeeded in obtaining a drink, as witnessed by my wife in early March this year (1952), is, I think, worth relating.

The lean black animal, one of the many poor beasts of its kind that roam the bush and eke out a precarious existence in a wild state, came down out of the scrub in the heat of midday, and warily made its way to a garden tap beneath which was the main container of a fruit-preserving outfit. This vessel was straight-sided and about 12 inches deep. At the bottom it held a few inches of water but, try as it would, the cat could not reach far enough down to enable it to lap at this.